

The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 4.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

LOCALETS

Miss Stella Kennedy spent Monday in town with her father.

Ira Donily expects to open his lunch counter the first of the coming week.

Mrs. A. Parker is away to Wetaskewin, having been called by the illness of relatives.

Mrs. N. Holden is home again, having been visiting in Gleichen for a couple of weeks.

H. A. Benson is advertising a sale of his household furniture to take place on September 15th.

Mrs. J. H. Williamson and Johnnie have gone to Regina to visit with Mrs. Williamson's sister in that city.

Mrs. R. L. King had the misfortune to receive a fractured arm on Wednesday while cranking a rebellious Ford.

Public School Inspector M. E. LeZerte and Post Office Inspector Stewart were in Lomond on Wednesday.

The lecture Monday evening by the Rev. Huestis on the war was well attended, and a very interesting address was given.

O. H. Baughman, of Travers, is selling his stock, implements and household goods by public auction at the ranch three miles north of Travers on the 15th inst.

Larkin Flath, recently of Carmangay, is acting agent at the A. P. elevator while Bobbie Moir is putting in time at the pest house under quarantine with diphtheria.

Div. Supt. C. D. McIntosh of the C. P. R. visited Lomond Friday last on a tour of inspection of the branch. He was accompanied by Roadmaster E. D. Desharnies.

Mr. Issacs, of the Standard Bank staff, has gone to Calgary to enter training in the aviation corps. Mr. Arnett, of Campbellford, Ontario, has arrived in Lomond and taken up the work in the tellers cage.

R. H. Hughes is away this week, leaving on Monday for Calgary. He did not consult us but we are led to believe he had serious intentions. R. R. Saunders is looking after the drug store while Mr. Hughes is away.

Duck Hunters left this vicinity by the car loads last Friday afternoon for the sloughs and lakes in the Buffalo Hill country. Some very satisfactory bags were brought home. The boys are going to take a moving picture camera along next time to immortalize Ira's dramatic efforts in search of game.

Mrs. A. Greenwood spent several days in Calgary last week arranging for a stock of millinery which she is opening up to the public on Monday, Sept. 10th. The ladies of this district will appreciate a local opportunity to personally select their millinery and we predict a prosperous season for the new enterprise.

This week Neil & Fitzgerald received a number of draught horses from Calgary, which they have for sale at their horse exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. St. John have taken the suite of rooms over the bank building and will move into these quarters some time this month.

Purcell's Limited, of Travers, have some information of special interest to careful buyers in this issue. See their page advertisement in another column.

School started Tuesday morning with the weather very wet and cold. A fair average attendance is reported though no means the full roll of the school.

Mrs. Joseph Williamson has arrived from Vancouver for a visit. Mr. Williamson has been in Lomond for the summer working at his trade plastering.

N. T. Owens reports that he has not yet concluded any deal for his residential property as was announced in The Press a couple of issues ago and that the same is still for sale.

Mr. McKenna, a member of the firm of Savarj, Fennerty & Chadwick, barristers, Calgary, has taken rooms in the new bank building and opened a legal office in our town.

F. C. Rockwell has moved his barber shop into the new Standard Bank building, where he is in a position to give a better service to his customers, in larger and more comfortable quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Farrel and Miss Ada Farrel came home from Calgary on Wednesday, Frank Wilson meeting them at Vulcan with his Chalmers. Mrs. Farrel is recovering nicely after her illness.

The F. A. Newton residence is again under quarantine with diphtheria, little Bobbie having contracted the malady. Mr. and Mrs. Newton have the sympathy of the community in their numerous afflictions.

Rains that would have been welcomed in June and July have been visiting Southern Alberta with remarkable frequency the last week or two and have held up the threshing operations to a great extent. However, the dry weather is all taken advantage of and new wheat is coming into town with a rush. The average threshing yield seems to hang around twenty bushels to the acre.

Whether it comes in the form of a sewer of manna or any other nourishing contribution from the bountiful lap of nature, it will be appreciated by a hungry world. The information that deposits of sugar have been found on the twigs of British Columbia fir trees, although a little late for the preserving season, will be glad tidings. When the thrifty housewife can secure sufficient saccharine matter to supply the family by simply stewing a few twigs, the A. C. of L. will receive a stab under the fifth rib.—Vancouver Province.

TRAVERS

Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark visited on Sunday with her brother near Enchant.

Mr. Lawrence, of Vulcan, is here for a few days calling on old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Willmott drove to Lethbridge on Saturday returning the same evening.

Mrs. Ruth McCann and Mrs. G. Wallace were callers in Lomond Monday forenoon.

Mrs. Thiel will accompany her niece Miss Bausch to her home in St. Paul. Mrs. Thiel will visit relatives there for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Baughman and Miss Hamm visited her brother at Wheat Centre Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Brown accompanying here.

About three hundred cattle got into an 80 acre wheat field of Martin Fogarty's ranch and destroyed the most of it which means a great loss.

Mrs. Davis who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Holbrook, returned by way of Lethbridge yesterday being taken that far in motor by Mr. and Mrs. Kaump and Mrs. Holbrook.

The new station agent has arrived to take the place of Steve Helpin who is leaving for other parts. The new mans name is Mr. Nedvell from Success and has had much experience in this work.

A generous crowd attended the fair at Lomond on Tuesday and were well pleased with the display and entries. A scrub team from Travers and Lomond was picked up to play ball, Lomond winning.

Gerald Elliotts and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Witting motored to Brooks on Sunday to witness the ball game where Mr. Witting was engaged to play. Brooks and Retlaw play next Sunday at Retlaw.

Mr. I Groff has rented Mr. J. Taylor's farm and bought enough horses and machinery of Mr. Taylor to farm with. He expects his brother to assist him in the farming season he takes possession after threshing.

Mr. Wm. Turley and family took dinner with Mrs. Baughman and also the fair at Lomond in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Lethbridge, motored out Wednesday to greet old acquaintances. They formerly lived and owned a hardware but are now in Lethbridge in the same business.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason have moved to the rooms above Mr. Ulrick's office.

Mr. Geo. Elliott of the Ogilvie Elevator took in the first loads of new wheat here on Monday, the wheat being that of Mr. H. Barnetts and sons for which the price of \$2.19 a bushel was paid and graded number one. Most all the machines have started but report no big yields, spring ploughing averaging around 12 bushels and summerfallowing and breaking about 20 and 25.

The places of business were open here on Labor Day except the bank.

Several of the crack shots have been duck hunting since the season opened.

The McGregor camp is putting in a telephone system along the irrigation ditch.

Mr. and Mrs. Suffrin were guests at Mr. and Mrs. Ulricks for Sunday dinner.

Mrs. St. John returned home this week from a two weeks visit in Calgary.

Mrs. Jerry Ricketts visited with her brother and family, Guy Paulson, on Sunday.

Mrs. MacCormack, of Enchant, is visiting her sister Mrs. McCann for a few days.

The Norwegian Church east of town is nearly completed and ready for services.

Mrs. Bray has returned from her trip to the coast where she spent a pleasant vacation.

The following auto numbers were found and are at the garage for the owners 5642 and 1782.

Mr. Ulrick was at Champion two days [this week helping his brother get the threshing rig ready.

Miss Queenie Katting has taken a position as bookkeeper and stenographer at the bank commencing work Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence, living with with Mr. Vanholms, are the proud parents of a baby girl born last week.

Miss G. Hamm, Miss Katting and Ruth McCann were guests to a special wild duck supper at the cafe Sunday.

Mr. Baughman is having his farm buildings re painted which adds much to the appearance, Cecil Scott is doing the job.

Owing to our not getting to Lomond in time for last weeks issue we will double the dose this time and make up lost time.

Mr. Lewis has severed his connection with the bank and gone out as book keeper for the South Alberta Land Co.

The Grays living west of town haul wheat in four grain tanks at one trip, which nets them \$1000 a trip, not too bad if it lasts long enough.

Mr. Florence who came here in the spring had a wire to come to U. S. for medical examination preparatory to go in training for war.

All the merchants, lumbermen, elevators and blacksmiths are certainly buisy these days in fact every concern in town is overtaxed with trade.

It is reported that Harold Orsten, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Orsten, of Grain Ridge District, who enlisted in a Calgary unit was wounded while at the front.

Student—I want to take up international law. What course of study would you recommend?

Old Infantry Colonel—Constane target practice!

Water Meeting

At the meeting Monday evening in the I. O. O. F. Hall to discuss the water problem three propositions were discussed:

1. The contractor to find well within a mile and a half of town to produce 50 barrels of good water daily; the town to do the piping and the first year water to be free to users; second, third and fourth years a charge of 25 cents a barrel to be made. At the end of that period town to have privilege of purchasing the system at actual cost.

2. Village to pay driller \$1.25 a foot for prospect holes and \$1000 bonus when well with capacity of 50 barrels daily was discovered.

3. Village to pay \$2.50 a foot for prospect holes, wet or dry.

The second proposition was favored by the meeting, but owing to the absence of Reeve Williamson, other members of the council would not consent themselves until they had consulted with him.

Mr. John Delaney was chairman of the meeting.

Amethyst

Mr. Bert Somerville has a new Ford. Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Swan Odland August 23rd., a son.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Odland, August 1st., a daughter.

Mrs. Annie Armstrong has her father staying with her at present.

Mr. Oscar Olson, from Deer Park, Wash., is visiting Mr. Ralph Groves.

Miss Alice Hill has returned home from B. C. to do her bit by helping her brother William on the farm.

Archie Smith has a Ford and the way he shines now days there is no name for it he gets the smiles all right.

Bert Somerville has sold half interest in his threshing rig to Dave Ryall they begun threshing on Elmer Alexander's place the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Somerville, Bert Somerville and Miss Berniece Hill motored out to Ried Hill on Sunday and took supper with A. I. Somerville.

Miss Ila Curry motored down near Lethbridge with Mr and Mrs. Bob Alexander, Mr. Tom Alexander who has been visiting his brother and Mr. Curry.

Quite party had a picnic dinner on the big Bow river at Pete Johnson's ferry a week ago Sunday, Mr. Bert McFall and family, Mr. Paul and family and Mr. Billy Smith and friends. All seemed to have a big time.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Milo Somerville, twin girls, but sad to say one only lived six days the remains were laid away in the Lomond cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville have the sympathy of the neighborhood.

The Ladies Aid met at Mrs. Dave Ryalls on Aug. 23rd, all had a good time while sewing for the Red Cross and please bear in mind all who wish to help our soldiers come to the Aid at Mrs. Geo. Smith's on Sept. 6th as we expect to have lots of work on hand.

A Foreign Observer contributes to the London Daily Chronicle an appreciation of the diplomatic methods of Lloyd George. A few extracts follow:

There can be nothing simpler than his reception of foreign colleagues at Downing street, in the cabin room, where French and British ministers

transact business as if they were members of the same government, or still more informally, around the breakfast table. Lloyd George's breakfasts are in a fair way of becoming more famous even than those of Mr. Gladstone. They are undoubtedly of European importance. How many vital questions have been discussed there, and sometimes more thoroughly dealt with than in solemn congress. Over the bacon and eggs and the marmalade, the conversation is one between man and man, as between friends putting their heads together for the settlement of some grave family problem. For the allied statesmen have ceased today to be merely colleagues for Lloyd George; they are his friends and comrades-in-arms, with the mutual feeling that must exist between men who have lived the same tragic hours and faced the same dangers.

His close—one might say fraternal—relations with M. Albert Thomas are common history, dating from the time when they were both called to the Herculean task of organizing the production of munitions. Both are moved by the same burning patriotism, both profess the same contempt of easy-going optimism, although they have the same faith in the future of democracy; both betray the same liking for realities, and show the same practical energy in the pursuit of their ideal aims. What Lloyd George appreciates in M. Briand is the accomplished parliamentary skill, the resourceful mind, the deep knowledge and good-natured contempt of human nature. Their conversations, for those privileged to hear them, were anything but dull. M. Ribot, whose age and experience call for respect, cannot, perhaps, be treated with the same familiarity; but in their confidential talks together the dominant note is one of mutual esteem and confidence as between two men who are dealing seriously with serious questions, and will not be deceived by empty appearances. In spite of a striking difference in their early training, M. Painleve resembles Lloyd George by the fine quality of his intellect and the characteristic ardor of his political temperament. The meeting of these two eager and brilliant spirits is like the contact of two electric currents, whence springs the spark.

In each of these men you will find some trait linking him more or less to Lloyd George. Apart from the great object they have in common—the vindication of the world's freedom—nothing can contribute more to maintain harmonious intercourse between them than his simplicity of manner and the personal charm which few, even among his professed opponents of yesterday, have been able to resist. Thanks to such a precious gift, a formal meeting of statesmen will become, in a few moments, a friendly conversation, in which each will say just what he has to say, without finding it necessary to make a speech. When, later on, the ordinary reader is allowed to read the accounts of these conference, he will be astonished to observe how free the language between the allied statesmen had gradually become, and how little it had to do with diplomatic forms. Such informality would not have been possible without the influence of a man who, caring nothing for prescriptions and empty ritual, knows how to replace them by a simple cordiality.

Millinery Opening..

I am getting in a line of Latest Styles in Fall and Winter Hats and will have same on display

at "The Only Music Store"

BEGINNING

Mon., Sept 10th

Hats Made to Order. We would be pleased to Have You Call

MRS. A. GREENWOOD

Horse Exchange

(Farrell and Porter Barn)

Work Horses for Sale at All Times.

NEILL & FITZGERALD
PROPRIETORS.

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

Mckee & Cant

Contractors and Builders
Lomond, Alberta

Let us figure on that house or barn you are going to build. Prices moderate and first-class work is Guaranteed.

Lost—From my place about May 1st, 1917, gray mare two years old, and black mare one year old, both branded on right shoulder.

Strayed—To my place about June 1st, 1917, black mare branded ZO on left shoulder, and bay horse branded Q5 on right thigh. Apply to SAM ODLARD, Rosemead, Alta.

You Tractor Men

Buy Your Gasolene and Kerosene from

W. A. Teskey
Lomond

FOR SALE

One team of buckskin work geldings, gentle, four and five year old. Cheap for cash or time.

Neil Bros.,
Lomond Alta.

33-16-20.

FOR SALE

Building 18x22, easily moved, cheaper than you can build.

D. E. Snowden.

LOST

At Fair Grounds Tuesday afternoon, a gold watch, owner Elmer Thompson. Finder kindly leave at The Press Office.

Purse Lost—On the 18th August, a Bill Folder containing over \$100, and papers. A reward of \$25 will be paid for return of same to J. A. BOWERS, Central Garage, Lomond.

WANTED—Live business to make all kinds of money by advertising in the Lomond Press.

Purcell's - - Limited

TRIVERS

YOU ARE INVITED to come and view the finest
stock of Men's Women's and Children's
Fall and Winter Clothing

Ever Shown in This District.

NEW FALL MILLINERY

Fashion's last word finds expression here.
The shapes are varied and assortment good.
Prices \$3.00 to \$12.00

New Clothes for the School Girls

Sweater Outfits, Fall and Winter Coats,
Hosiery, Dresses, Underwear (Combination
and 2-Pieces.)

LADIES FALL SUITS

New stock just arrived of the very latest
styles and fabrics. Price \$25.00 to \$50.00

Boys' Warm Clothing of All Kinds.

Boys' Suits.....\$5.00 to \$25.00
Mackinaw and Reefer Coats. \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00
Underwear.....\$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 per suit
Caps, Mitts, Stockings, Etc.

ABOUT LADIES' COATS

Beautiful Clothes you will say when you see
them. Real Values; see our stock before

Getting Yours \$15.00 to \$50.00
Fur Coats.....\$95.00 to \$185.00

School Supplies

Writing Paper, Pads, Scribblers, Exercise
Books, Ink, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, Etc.

Men's Clothing

We pride ourselves on the

Style, Quality and Workmanship

of our Ready-to-Wear Suits. Men's Tweed Suits in gray, brown and gray
and brown mixtures, good values at \$12, \$15, \$20, \$25

Blue Serge Suits - - 18, 25, \$30.00 Men's Black Fur Coats - \$35 and \$40

Men's Coon Coats - - - \$85.00 Fur Caps, Fur Mitts and Gauntlets

Sheep Coats, Mackinaw Coats. A good selection of men's dress overcoats

Preserving Fruit .

We have a car of preserving fruits to arrive about September 12th,
consisting of Peaches, Prunes, Fancy Plums, Crabapples, Pears, Peppers,
Tomatoes, green and ripe.

We Guarantee the Very Lowest Prices Possible

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, SEPT. 7, 1917

MIGHT we suggest that the C. P. R. put a diner and sleeper on the Lomond branch.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that coyotes have not attacked, maltreated or killed any of the inhabitants of this district for at least a year.

SOMETHING should be done towards sidewalk building before the wet weather sets in. There is nothing that will impress a stranger coming into a new place more favorably than good sidewalks and well kept streets.

PUT jazz into your business by advertising. Some day you will require an obituary notice and it will be much easier for the newspaper to refer to you as an enterprising business man than to say you had been in business at one time but concluded there was more money in working for Tim Eaton at \$6 per week.

THE public meeting Monday evening to discuss the water question brought out three propositions for the rate-payers to consider. Undoubtedly the second, the one approved by the meeting, is the best for the town, as it gives immediate possession of the water supply, and at once becomes an asset, the income from which can be

devoted to the repayment of the cost of installation.

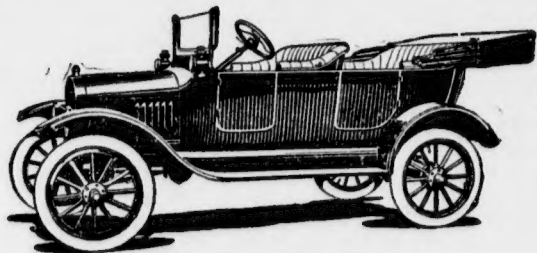
WHEN you see a stranger roaming around looking lonely pick him up, talk to him, tell him about the resources of the town, the capacity of the elevators, the yield in wheat, oats, flax, etc., and the possibilities for investment. If you don't know all these things head him to the man who does. Tell him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It doesn't pay to make misstatements about the town or district. Cold facts that a man with eyes can verify is the best kind of advertising. Always remember the town and district can deliver the goods.

THE union cabinet makers at Ottawa have not yet been successful in manufacturing a government suitable to both parties. To the Conservatives Borden is the jazz, and the Liberals still consider Laurier the exemplification of Mars. When they get through trying to make cabinet ministers out of drawing room bric-a-brac a strong government may result. Both Borden and Laurier should be thrown into the discard. There are hundreds of big men in Canada who would accept office at the present time but not being politicians they are not wanted. Borden can lead a cotillion and Laurier is a phrase maker and that is all that can be said in favor of either. Borden became leader of his party because he had no enemies and hadn't sand enough to make any; Laurier because he could carry Quebec.

What They Did.

All new arrivals are washed explained a warder to some visitors who were being shown over a model prison.

And if they resist.
Then they are ironed.



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car

\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

Dollars and Cents

Economy is the cry of the government.
Eliminate waste and luxury.

This is where the Ford steps in. It has proven to be the car with the lowest cost of upkeep for the greatest amount of real service rendered. To the great majority of farmers in this country a Ford is a real necessity. It eliminates the distance from machinery repairs, from the services of a doctor, from school, from the necessary forms of educational amusement.

But, when you get into the high priced heavy car you run into luxury - - because they cannot compete.

W. A. TESKEY LOMOND.

Fruits!

The Pioneer Store will as usual look after your preserving fruit requirements this season. Come in and leave your order for delivery in season. We also have a good stock of glass sealers.

The Pioneer Store

A. PARKER, Prop.

Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery

Labor Saving Devices

The farm is one place where labor saving devices should be provided. Have you a gasoline engine or a windmill on your pump? Have you a cream separator? Or do you walk behind your drag harrows? You increase your happiness and lengthen your days by taking advantage of the numerous conveniences man has devised---and we sell most of them and at reasonable prices. :: :: :: :: :: ::

Blacksmith Coal

"LALLEY" ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEMS.
FULL LINE I.H.C. FARM MACHINERY
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.
"BULL DOG" FANNING MILLS
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Smith & Moran

The Franchise Act.

Under the provisions of the new Franchise Act which Parliament is about to consider, all women who are British subjects, or who have been naturalized here, are to participate in the ballot. They are to be armed with the most effective weapon which democracy can place in the hands of its children. The fact that they have had to fight for it will doubtless make them value it the more. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and while the enfranchisement of women was inevitable, yet its accomplishment has been greatly hastened by the war or rather by the favorable atmosphere created by the ready manner in which the women of Canada avail themselves of the opportunity for patriotic service which the war afforded them. And even those who oppose the extension of the franchise now harbor a much more chastened opposition than formerly. Indeed it is doubtful if there is any substantial opposition to the enfranchisement of women though there are those in plenty who may be regarded as neutral onlookers who, while giving no aid, placed no obstructions in the way of the new electoral reform. The recent referendum in British Columbia showed the actual opposition to be negligible.

An Entertaining Shopman.

Two women, one of whom carried a baby, asked a salesman to show them some carpets. It was a hot day, but the salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll until perspiration streamed from his face. Finally one of the women asked the other if it was not time to go. Not just yet was the answer, with the whispered explanation, baby likes to see him roll then, out, and we've plenty of time to catch the train.

Unappreciated.

So that's the oldest inhabitant—ong hundred and four years old? said a tourist in a village. No wonder you are proud of him! I dunno about being proud of him, responded the native; he ain't done nothin' in this yer place 'cept grow old, and it took him a long time to do that.

Jones doesn't believe in promoting the good old idea of 'peace on earth and goodwill toward men.'

What makes you think so?

He has bought his son a cornet.

Merrington—Many a wise word is spoken in jest.

Stingsby—Yes, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest.

PUBLIC SALE September 15, 1917

At 2 p. m., O. H. Baughman will sell by public auction, at his place three miles west and half a mile north of Travers, his live stock, implements and household goods. Terms, Cash.

G. G. ELLIOTT, Auctioneer.

Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready

Plenty of Miners

No Delay in Loading Teams.

\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

Eyremore P. O.



EST'D 1872

THE
STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

FARMERS

Advances to farmers are made
a special feature by this Bank. 238

LOMOND BRANCH

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Acting Manager.

The Central Garage LOMOND

FREE AIR

A Complete and up-to-date line of Accessories and Tires. The new No Glare Headlights.

Expert repairman on all makes of cars.

Vulcan Stage!

Return Trip Made Every Wednesday and Saturday.

Charters & Travis

PROPRIETORS

The modern farm requires expensive buildings. In a few years these rapidly deteriorate unless protected by good paint.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR FARM USE

No farm owner can afford to leave his farm buildings unpainted. When new they appear to stand the weather alright, but surely and gradually the lumber begins to crack and check, decay starts, and before you realize it you have a leaky, draughty barn, and expensive repairs are necessary.

The regular use of paint means a small outlay occasionally, but it keeps your buildings as good as new.

S-W Barn Red is a special paint for painting farm buildings. It is economical in price and it gives good service. It is one of the full line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes which we carry in stock.

Associated Farmers

... Limited ...
Lomond, Alberta



Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

AND

ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

Copyright, 1915, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS

Just previous to the outbreak of the European war Jane Gerson, buyer for a New York house, meets a Captain Woodhouse on a train for Paris. He tells her he is en route for Egypt.

Louisa, a spy, meets Billy Capper, another spy, in Berlin. She promises him a job and a number with the Wilhelmstrasse. Then Woodhouse meets Louisa and is observed by some American tourists, Henry Sherman and family.

Woodhouse (the name is assumed) is in a plot with Louisa to impersonate an English officer of that name, who is to be transferred from Wady Halfa to take charge of the signal tower at Gibraltar. Woodhouse, by agreement, purloins Capper's Wilhelmstrasse number.

Woodhouse proceeds to Alexandria and in Ramleh seeks Dr. Koch, a German spy. He shows him the number. Capper appears and makes trouble.

Woodhouse allays Koch's suspicions. Capper secretes himself in a neighboring garden and spies on Dr. Koch.

Capper sees the real Woodhouse borne out unconscious from Dr. Koch's house and follows the pseudo Woodhouse to Gibraltar. The latter stops overnight with Joseph Almer, proprietor of the Hotel Splendide, and a German spy. Louisa is at Gibraltar in disguise.

Henry Sherman and family are stopping at the Splendide. Suddenly Jane Gerson appears, having with difficulty left Paris. All await a boat.

Lady Crandall, the American wife of Gibraltar's governor, visits the Splendide, is delighted with Jane's samples of gowns and invites her to stay at Government House. Woodhouse encounters Jane, but denies any previous meeting.

Almer informs Woodhouse that a friend is stationed at Government House and that from the signal tower every mine in the harbor can be exploded. The British fleet is due.

Woodhouse pays his respects to General Crandall, and Capper follows to inform upon him and tells of his experience at Ramleh.

Crandall has his suspicions aroused concerning Woodhouse, but nevertheless orders Capper out of Gibraltar.

"In yesterday on the Princess Mary, I presume, captain?"

"Yes, general. Didn't report to you on arrival because I thought it would be quite late time, and I didn't want to disturb."

"Right!" General Crandall tipped back in his swivel chair and appraised his new officer with satisfaction. "Everything quiet on the upper Nile? Germans not tinkering with the mullah yet to start insurrection or anything like that?"

"Right as a trivet, sir," Woodhouse answered promptly. "Of course we're anticipating some such move by the enemy—agents working in from Erythrea—holy war of a sort, perhaps, but I think our people have things well in hand."

The general stretched a hand across the desk.

"Your papers, please, captain. I'll receipt your order of transfer and you'll be a member of our garrison forthwith."

Captain Woodhouse brought a thin sheaf of folded papers from his breast pocket and passed it to his superior. He kept his eyes steadily on the general's face as he scanned them.

"C. G. Woodhouse, chief signal officer, Ninth grenadiers, Wady Halfa"—General Crandall conned the transfer aloud, running his eyes rapidly down the lines of the form. "Right. Now, captain, when my orderly comes"—

A subaltern entered and saluted.

"This is Captain Woodhouse," Gen-

eral Crandall indicated Woodhouse, who had risen. "Kindly conduct him to Major Bishop, who will assign him to quarters." Captain Woodhouse, we—Lady Crandall and I—will expect you at Government House soon to make your bow over the teacup—one of Lady Crandall's inflexible rules for new recruits, you know. Good day, sir."

Woodhouse, out in the free air again, drew in a long breath and braced back his shoulders. He accompanied the subaltern over the trails on the Rock to the quarters of Major Bishop, chief signal officer, under whom he was to be junior in command. But one regret marked his first visit to Government House—he had not caught even a glimpse of the little person calling herself Jane Gerson, buyer.

But he had missed by a narrow margin. Piloted by Lady Crandall, Jane had left the vaulted breakfast room for the larger and lighter library, which Sir George had converted to the purpose of an office. This room was a sort of holy of holies with Lady Crandall, to be invaded if the presiding genius could be caught napping or lulled to complaisance. This morning she had the important necessity of unobstructed light, not a general commodity about Government House, to urge in defense of profanation. For her guest carried under her arm a sheaf of plans—by sterling architects of women's fancies—and the imp of envy would not allow the governor's wife to have peace until she had devoured every pattern. She paused in mock horror at the threshold of her husband's sanctum.

"But, George, dear, you should be out by this time, you know," Lady Crandall expostulated. "Miss Gerson and I have something—oh, tremendously important—to do here." She made a sly gesture of concealing the bundle of stiff drawing paper she carried. General Crandall, who had risen at the arrival of the two invaders, made a show at capturing the plans his wife held behind her back. Jane bubbled laughter at the spectacle of so exalted a military lion at play. The general possessed himself of the roll, drew a curled scroll from it and gravely studied it.

"Miss Gerson," he said, with deliberation, "this looks to me like a plan of Battery B. I am surprised that you should violate the hospitality of Government House by doing spy work from its bedroom windows."

"Foolish! You've got that upside down for one thing," Lady Crandall chided, "and, besides, it's only a chart of what the lady of Government House hopes soon to wear if she can get the goods."

"You see, General Crandall, I'm attacking Government House at its weakest point," Jane laughed. "Been here less than twelve hours, and already the most important member of the garrison has surrendered."

"The American sahib, Reynolds," chanted Jaimihr Khan from the double doors, and almost at once the breezy consul burst into the room. He saluted all three with an expansive gesture of the hands.

"Morning, governor! Morning, Lady Crandall, and same to you, Miss Gerson. Dear, dear! This is going to be a bad day for me, and it's just started." The little man was wound up like a sidewalk top, and he ran on without stopping:

"General Sherman might have got some real force into his remarks about war if he'd had a job like mine. Miss Gerson—news! Heard from the Saxonia. Be in harbor some time tomorrow and leave at 6 sharp following morning." Jane clapped her hands. "I've wired for accommodations for all of you. Just got the answer. Rotten accommodations; but, thank heaven, I won't be able to hear what you say about me when you're at sea!"

"Anything will do," Jane broke in. "I'm not particular. I want to sail—that's all."

The consul looked flustered.

"Um! That's what I came to see you about, General Crandall." He jerked his head around toward the governor with a birdlike pertness. "What are you going to do with this young lady, sir?" Jane waited the answer breathlessly.

"Why, um, really, as far as we're concerned," Sir George answered slowly, "we'd be glad to have her stop here indefinitely. Don't you agree, Helen?" "Of course, but"—

"It's this way," the consul interrupted Lady Crandall. "I've arranged to get Miss Gerson aboard, provided, of course, you approve."

"You haven't got a cable through regarding her?" the general asked. "Her passports—lost—lot of red tape, of course."

"Not a line from Paris even," Reynolds answered. "Miss Gerson says the ambassador could vouch for her, and"—

"Indeed he could!" Jane started impulsively toward the general. "It was his wife arranged my motor for me and advanced me money."

General Crandall looked down into her eager face indulgently.

"You really are very anxious to sail, Miss Gerson?"

"General Crandall, I'm not very good at these 'please spare my lover' speeches," the girl began, her lips tremulous. "But it means a lot to me—to go, my job, my career. I've fought my way this far, and here I am—and there's the sea out there. If I can't step aboard the Saxonia Friday morning it—it will break my heart."

Gibraltar's master bowed his chin thoughtfully for a minute.

"Um, I'm sure I don't want to break anybody's heart—not at my age, miss. I see no good reason why I should not



"You really are very anxious to sail, Miss Gerson."

let you go if nothing happens meanwhile to make me change my mind." He beamed good humor on her.

"Bless you, general!" she cried. "Hildebrandt will mention you in its advertisements."

"Heaven forbid!" General Crandall cried in real perturbation.

Jane turned to Lady Crandall and took both her hands.

"Come to my room," she urged, with an air of mystery. "You know that evening gown—the one in blue? It's yours, Lady Crandall. I'd give another to the general if he'd wear it. Now one fitting and"—

Her voice was drowned by Lady Crandall's "You dear!"

"Be at the dock at 5 a. m. Friday to see you and the others off, Miss Gerson," Reynolds called after her. "Must go now—morning crowd of busted citizens waiting at the consulate to be fed. Ta-ta!" Reynolds collided with Jaimihr Khan at the double doors.

"A young man who wishes to see you, General Sahib. He will give no name, but he says a promise you made to see him—by telephone an hour ago."

"Show Mr. Reynolds out, Jaimihr!" the general ordered. "Then you may bring the young man in."

CHAPTER XII.

Capper Plays His Cards.

MR. BILLY CAPPER, who had, in truth, telephoned to Government House and secured the privilege of an interview even before the arrival of Woodhouse to report and had paced the paths of the Alameda since, blowing hot and cold on his resolutions, followed the soft footed Indian into the presence of General Crandall.

"Awfully good of you to see me," he babbled as he stood before the desk, turning his hat brim through his fingers like a prayer wheel.

General Crandall bade him be seated. "I haven't forgotten you did me a service in Burma," he added.

"Oh, yes, of course," Capper managed to answer. "But that was my job. I got paid for that."

"You're not with the Brussels secret service people any longer, then?"

The question hit Capper hard. His fingers fluttered to his lips.

"No, general. They—er—let me go. Suppose you heard that—and a lot of other things about me; that I was a rotter—that I drank!"

"What I heard was not altogether complimentary," the other answered judiciously. "I trust it was untrue."

Capper's embarrassment increased.

"Well, to tell you the truth, General Crandall—ah—I did go to pieces for a time. I've been playing a pretty short string for the last two years. But"—he broke off his whine in a sudden accession of passion—"they can't keep me down much longer. I'm going to show 'em!"

General Crandall looked his surprise. "General, I'm an Englishman. You know that. I may be down and out, and my old friends may not know me when we meet—but I'm English, and I'm loyal!" Capper was getting a grip on himself; he thought the patriotic line a safe one to play with the commander of a fortress.

"Yes, yes. I don't question that, I'm sure," the general grunted, and he began to rifle some papers on his desk petulantly.

Capper pressed home his point. "I just want you to keep that in mind, general, while I talk. Just remember I'm English—and loyal."

The governor nodded impatiently.

Capper leaned far over the desk and began in an eager whisper:

"General, remember Cook—that chap in Rangoon—the polo player?" The other looked blank. "Haven't forgotten him, general—how he lived in Burma two years, mingling with the English, until one day somebody discovered his name was Koch and that he was a mighty unhealthy chap to have about the fortifications? Sure!"

"Yes, I remember him now. But what?"

"There was Hollister too. You played billiards in your club with Hollister, I fancy. Thought him at right, too, until a couple of secret service men walked into the club one day and clapped handcuffs on him. Remember that, general?"

The commander exclaimed snappishly that he could not see his visitor's drift.

"I'm just refreshing your memory, general," Capper hastened to reassure. "Just reminding you that there isn't much difference between a German and an Englishman, after all—if the German wants to play the English man and knows his book. He can fool a lot of us."

"Granted. But I don't see what all this has to do with?"

"Listen, general!" Capper was trembling in his eagerness. "I'm just in from Alexandria. Came on the Princess Mary. There was an Englishman aboard bound for Gib. Name was Captain Woodhouse, of the signal service."

"Quite right. What of that?" General Crandall looked on suspiciously.

"Have you seen Captain Woodhouse general?"

"Not a half hour ago. He called to report."

"Seemed all right to you—this Woodhouse?" Capper eyed the other's face narrowly.

"Of course. Why not?"

"Remember Cook, general! Remember Hollister!" Capper warned.

General Crandall exploded irritably:



"He's a German Spy!"

"What the devil do you mean? What are you driving at, man?"

"What do I mean? I mean this chap who calls himself Woodhouse isn't Woodhouse at all. He's a German spy—from the Wilhelmstrasse—with a number from the Wilhelmstrasse. He's on the Rock to do a spy's work."

"Pshaw! Why did Brussels let you go?" General Crandall tipped back in his seat and cast an amused glance at the flushed face before him.

Capper shook his head doggedly. "I'm not drunk, General Crandall. I'm so broke I couldn't get drunk if I would. So help me, I'm telling God's truth. I got it straight"—Capper checked his tumult of words and did some rapid thinking. How much did he dare reveal? "In Alexandria, general—got it there—from the inside, sir Koch is the head of the Wilhelmstrasse crowd there—the same Cook you knew in Rangoon. He engineered the trick. The wildest dreams of the Wilhelmstrasse have come true. They've got a man in your signal tower, general—in your signal tower!"

"Suppose the Germans have a spy in my signal tower or anywhere here," he began argumentatively. "Suppose they learn every nook and corner of the Rock—have the caliber and range of every gun in our defense. They couldn't capture Gibraltar in a thousand years."

"I don't know what they want," Capper returned, with the injured air of a man whose worth falls of recognition. "I only came here to warn you that your Captain Woodhouse is taking orders from Berlin."

"Come—come, man! Give me some proof to back up this cock and bull story," General Crandall snapped.

"Here it is, general—all I've got of the story. The real Woodhouse comes down from somewhere up in the Nile—I don't know where—and puts up for the night in Alexandria to wait for the Princess Mary. No friends in the town, you know; nowhere to visit. Three Wilhelmstrasse men in Alexandria, headed by that clever devil Cook or Koch, who calls himself a doctor now. Somehow they get hold of the real Woodhouse and do for him—what I don't know—probably kill the poor devil."

"General, I saw with my own eyes an unconscious British officer being

carried away from Koch's house in Hamleh in an automobile—two met with him." Capper fixed the governor with a lean index finger dramatically. "And I saw the man you just this morning received as Captain Woodhouse leave Dr. Koch's house five minutes after that poor devil—the real Woodhouse—had been carried off. That's the reason I took the same boat with him to Gibraltar. General Crandall—because I'm loyal and it was my duty to warn you."

"Incredible!"

"One thing more, general," Capper was sorely tempted, but for the moment his wholesome fear of consequences turbed his tongue. "Woodhouse isn't working alone on the Rock; you can be sure of that. He's got friends to help him turn whatever trick he's after—maybe in this very house. They're clever people, you can mark that down on your slate!"

"Ridiculous!" The keeper of the Rock was fighting not to believe now. "Why, I tell you if they had a hundred of their spies inside the lines—if they knew the Rock as well as I do—they could never take it."

Capper rose wearily, the air of a misunderstood man on him.

"Perhaps they aren't trying to capture it. I know nothing about that. Well, I've done my duty as one Englishman to another. I hope I've told you in time. I'll be going now."

General Crandall swung on him sharply. "Where are you going?" he demanded.

Capper shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. Now was the minute he'd been counting on—the peeling of crackling notes from a fat bundle, the handsome words of appreciation. Surely General Crandall was ripe.

"Well, general, frankly—I am broke. Haven't a shilling to bless myself with. I thought perhaps"—Capper shot a keen glance at the older man's face, which was partly turned from him. The general appeared to be pondering. He turned abruptly on the spy. "A few drinks and you might talk," he challenged.

Capper grinned deprecatingly. "I don't know, general—I might," he murmured. "I've been away from the drink so long that"—

"Where do you want to go?" General Crandall cut him off. "Of course you don't want to stay here indefinitely."

"Well—if I had a bit of money—they tell me everybody's broke in Paris—millionaires and everybody, you know. You can get any hotel room for the asking. That would be heaven for me—if I had something in my pocket."

"You want to go to Paris, eh?" General Crandall stepped closer to Capper, and his eyes narrowed in scorn.

"If it could be arranged, yes, general," Capper was splashing the brim of his bowler between nervous fingers. He did not dare meet the other's glance.

"Demmit, Capper, you come here to blackmail me! I've met your kind before! I know how to deal with your ilk!"

"So help me, general, I came here to tell you the truth. I want to go to Paris—or anywhere away from here. I'll admit that. But that had nothing to do with my coming all the way here from Alexandria—spending my last guinea on a steamer ticket—to warn you of your danger. I'm an Englishman and—loyal!" Capper was

preaching now. All hope of reward had fled, and the vision of a cell with subsequent investigations into his own record appalled him. General Crandall sat down at his desk and began to write.

"I don't know—at any rate, I can't have you talking around here. You're going to Paris."

Capper dropped his hat. At the tap of the bell Jaimih Khan appeared at the doors so suddenly that one might have said he was right behind them all the time. General Crandall directed that his orderly be summoned. When the subaltern appeared the general handed him a sealed note.

"Orderly, turn this gentleman over to Sergeant Crosby at once," he commanded, "and give the sergeant this note." Then to Capper: "You will cross to Algieras, where you will be put on a train for Madrid. You will have a ticket for Paris and 20 shillings for expense en route. You will be allowed to talk to no one alone before you leave Gibraltar, and under no circumstances will you be allowed to return, not while I am governor general at least."

Able, but Not Willing.

"Come, now," persisted the lawyer, "are you not able to say of your own knowledge that the defendant was in the room at the time and objected to the whole proceeding?"

"Yes, sir," savagely replied the witness, "I am able to say it, I reckon, but I'd be telling the biggest lie you ever heard of if I did."

The lice advertiser is the man who gets the quick turnover.

AN "S.O.S." CALL FROM FRANCE!

Thousands of wounded and old French peasants are trekking their way back to their former homes in the recaptured portions of France only to find them laid waste in the wake of the ruthless Hun. They are penniless, dejected and destitute. They are calling to their Central Western Canada Allies and to YOU for immediate help. Will their voices be unheard?



French Wounded Emergency Fund

(Under the Authority of the French Government)
President, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught



This fund was founded to render emergency relief to destitute and suffering dependents of French soldiers—to succour the wounded and to rehabilitate families in the recaptured and devastated portions of France.

Your Money is Needed Urgently to Alleviate the Distress and the Suffering in the Districts Being Retaken in the Allies Advance

THE FIRST APPEAL CLOSSES SEPTEMBER 17th

Give! Give Generously! Give Today!

Where is there a person in Central Western Canada who would not give willingly to provide provisions, kitchen utensils, tents, etc., etc.?

Contributions can be made to any bank. In towns where there is more than one bank, a banking committee will be formed in the interests of the French Wounded Emergency Fund, who will forward all contributions to

H. B. SHAW (General Manager, Union Bank of Canada), Organizer, Winnipeg

LET EVERYBODY GIVE SOMETHING NOW

Using Resources Wisely

In our last issue we dealt quite fully with the maximum wheat price fixed by the Board of Grain Supervisors. In times like the present no sane person will take exception to Government intervention to help husband food resources or attempt to Regulate its cost to the consuming public, provided production, which at present is the vital factor, is not interfered with. So far as we have noticed no action has yet been taken to regulate flour prices in accordance with the price of wheat.

We have no figures at hand showing the average price per bushel paid Canadian farmers for the 1916 crop, nor yet the average price flour sold for during the same period.

Herbert C. Hoover, the American Food Dictator, recently made the following statement regarding similar conditions in U. S. A.

"The producer received an average of \$1.51 per bushel for the 1916 wheat harvest, yet wheat has been as high as \$3.25 at Chicago, and the price of flour has been from time to time based upon this speculative price of wheat, so that, through one evil cause or another, the consumer has suffered from 50 to 100 per cent, and the producer has gained nothing. It is evident that this unbearable margin is due not only to rank speculation, but more largely to the wide margin of profit demanded by every link in the chain to insure against great hazards of trade.

"All these factors render it virtually necessary to initiate systematic measures which will eliminate all possibility of speculation, cure extortionate profits and effect proper distribution and restriction on exports to a point within our own protection."

One of the main troubles in the past has been that no one felt it his duty to save, but rather was willing for the next agent in the transaction to pay or finally to shift the burden upon the consumer, who is helpless.

The time has come when the welfare of the country demands that the people's food be distributed as economically as possible. When a large per cent. of the world's population have scant rations, some starving, the people of this country who are blessed with more than they require for home consumption cannot afford to waste in speculation, extortion and uneconomic handling. Our food, feed and fuel stocks must be conserved and wisely used to win the war for humanity.

Awful Plight of Peasants

So much has been said of Germany and the Germans that the mere sight

of the word "German" in cold print makes one feel inclined to pass along to happier reading, but not without experiencing a cold shudder. Fortunately there are but few people left in Canada today who would openly put forward a plea for Germany on the grounds of learning and culture. This number would rapidly diminish were they given the opportunity to paying a visit to the western front to see for themselves the utter destruction the retreating German forces have left in their train. With all hope of victory gone the Hind seemingly puts himself out to pillage, burn and absolutely destroy every piece of territory he occupies previous to evacuation, believing, presumably, that the unchanging sight of nton destruction will so depress the heart of his enemy as to force an earlier peace. Harrowing narratives of German barbarism are published in "The French Wounded Emergency Fund Magazine" accounts which fairly take one's breath away. It discloses beyond doubt that the plundering and burping of French towns and villages is premeditated and is part and parcel of the German military programme. In this war-stricken area only the aged, weak and babies in arms are left by the Huns to grapple with the unknown future, with not even a vestige of a house standing in the whole shell-torn area. The able-bodied men and women (boys and girls of 14 years and upwards) have been deported to Germany—literally forced into bondage. An appeal for money is now being made in the newspaper in behalf of The French Wounded Emergency Fund. This society was founded to render emergency relief to destitute and suffering dependents of French soldiers—to succor the wounded and to rehabilitate families in the recaptured and devastated portions of France. The French Wounded Emergency Fund follows every advance on the Western Front, and endeavors to instill a ray of hope in these poor people, who are almost too numbed with suffering to realize they are no longer under the heel of the oppressor. It is entirely independent of any other organization and looks to charity for its support. It is under the authority of the French Government, and is the only organization undertaking this particular work of restoration. Judging from the names of the prominent people in Winnipeg and Western Canada who have identified themselves with the appeal for funds, a large measure of success should attend the effort. It is worthy of the support of every true citizen and it is to be hoped that a bumper sum of money will be realized. One thing certain: We must one and all now acknowledge the fact that "we must give something."

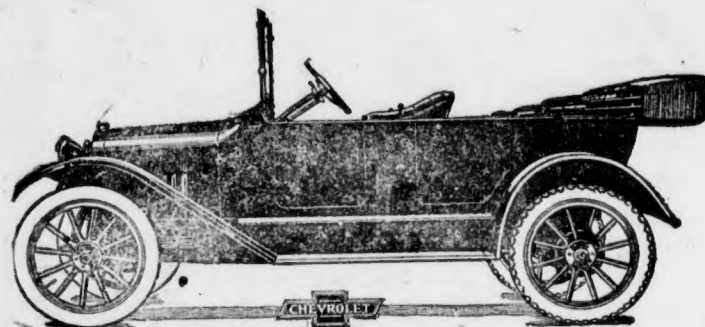


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A BIG LINE To CHOOSE FROM

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CHEMIST

DRUGGIST

Badger Lake

Mr. and Mrs. A. Durand made a trip to Vulcan on Monday.

E. G. Haley has sold his wolfhounds to Jim Marshall in Lomond.

Mr. Westgate preached in the First Chance School last Sunday in the absence of the pastor, who is under the weather.

Everybody who can be spared is away on some threshing outfit. The Thompson-Wilkinson-Trew outfit is pounding away. Just who is going to pull in and thresh this neighborhood several people like to know.

The frost on Tuesday night burnt down the garden tops.

D. McAllister is up near Queens-town on a threshing outfit.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Anderson brought Mabel Anderson over from Vulcan on Sunday to her sister's, Mrs. King.

Mistaken Identity.

An Irishmyn, taking home for dinner a large duck, stopped at an inn to obtain a little refreshments. Putting down the duck, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst, when a seedy-looking individual, seizing the bird, made off with it. Pat at once gave chase, and before running far had his man by the arm. "What did yez take the bird for?" asked Pat. "Why" said the seedy one, "I took it for a lark." "Did yez?" said Pat. "Then ye'd make a poor judge at a bird show."

Sincere Little Girl.

Little Ruth sat at the table and heard each remark which was made as the plates were passed. One wanted a small piece another a very little, etc. When it came to her turn she reached out her plate eagerly. "I'll take too much, if 'oo please, papa!" she said with calm sincerity.

What He Told Him.

Irate Parent—No, sir, you can't have her! I wonder you dare to ask. I won't have a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than my daughter has shown in allowing you to think you could have her!

In London

Schoolmistress: Tommy, how do you spell 'ham'?

Tommy: Please ma'am, do you mean the 'am we eat or the am we are?

Superstition.

Scene, deck of sinking ship: life-boat just leaving. Mariner—Come on! Jump! It's your last chance. Passenger—What! Make the thirteenth in that boat? Not likely!

Financial Mind.

Nephew, (returned from the front)—The commanding officer ordered me to make an advance on Dead Horse Farm.

Uncle—How much was it worth?

Nephew—What?

Uncle—The farm he wanted on advance on.

NOTICE

We beg to notify the people of Lomond that the council have hired an outfit to haul water for the village and a bylaw has been passed giving this outfit the sole right to sell water in the Village.

Council, Village of Lomond.

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leave your team at
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